

W. L. Garrison  
Boston

Warrington, May 21<sup>st</sup> 1852

My Dear Friend & Brother,

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Accept my thanks for the volume of your writings, in which you have so kindly inscribed my name.

Please also to thank W. May for his kind note and accompanying pamphlets. When I was in France last summer, I bought an plenty of mops from the Forest of Fontainebleau, & souvenirs from the ruins of Port Royal. The ladies are busy working card baskets to arrange them in, & we destine them for the Anti-slavery cause. If you should be writing, will you tell me whether you wish to have them, also how many you would like sent, & whether you know of any other opportunity than the ordinary channels for forwarding them.

I am very thankful to possess the vol. of your writings, as I want to know first hand your true sentiments. Nothing is more refreshing and encouraging than to meet with a man of consistency and true faith. So many



from whom we expected great things have so terribly  
fallen through their self-love. There is Joseph Barker,  
a man more fitted than any man I ever met  
with to exercise a beneficial influence on the  
plain thinking men of this country; and yet he  
has given up his faith piece by piece, & pleads  
openly against the gospel & for self-interest. That  
man even before he left England justified American  
slavery, & spoke of the possibility of his owning slaves,  
beating them kindly, &c. What he is now, I cannot  
say. As to Dr. Deury, I don't care much for his  
recruancy; his writings never went deep into my  
soul. But E. S. Gannett's conduct grieves me very  
bitterly; he is so good & kind a man, & exercises  
so wide an influence; & might do so much for  
the cause of liberty, if he would but lay aside  
his political notions, & believe in the simple  
principles of the gospel more than in the constitution  
of the U. S. How strange it is that men reverence  
their institutions more than themselves. There is some-  
thing so wonderful & so divine in humanity when  
one comes to look at it simply. The works of man  
are great, as representing themselves, & when on the  
side of God: but when they retard the progress of  
humanity, how unworthy & evil they become.



Please not to print any part of this; but if you should see Dr. Gannett, give my love & respects to him, & tell him what great joy it would give to his friends in England if he would throw his influence against the side of the oppressor, and speak out against anything in church or constitution that helps to keep 3000000 of our brethren in bondage. I wish he and all Americans would read the life of Fowell Buxton. I don't know any book since the lives of Follen & Channing that has so interested me. It gives one a lesson against judgment; for one cannot doubt his <sup>own</sup> Xty, and yet he was a wholesale poison-maker, to say nothing of his favourite amusement being to take away the lives of unoffending birds. But the deep faith & uncompromising perseverance of the man were glorious. And he has his reward. Our people are free: and whatever curses afflict our social state (& few see them more than I do) I feel it an inestimable privilege to live in a country where the marriage<sup>tie</sup> is protected & home is sacred, and (except in the case of soldiers) each man is free to work when & how he can. I opened your book at the extract about Aug 1<sup>st</sup> in the W. I. the same that Channing quotes in his Sermon



address. (He would not have fallen down to worship  
the Fugitive Slave Law.) I never can read of that night  
without deep emotion. Will that day ever come for  
America? It seems further & further off; but God  
and Christ still live. What a sweet peace must  
come over you, when you think that you are  
labouring for that time! Most gladly would I  
be the same; but God has tried me by taking  
away most of my strength & hope; & if ever I  
come to your country, it will be to rest, not to  
work, I fear. I shall include this in a letter to  
one of my nearest friends, who has gone to settle  
with his family in the far West. — Box Branch  
is here with his panorama, & addressed our  
Sunday Scholars last Sunday. His pictures are  
very horrid; what must the reality be!

When you write to H. C. Wright, please to enclose  
this with my love. Tell him I am more lonely than  
ever. My sister & her family have left Warrington:  
she has a fine little girl, Margaret Anna; & my  
brother Wm has another little boy, Philip Herbert.  
I still try to scatter good seed, but I fear the birds  
of the east of heaven, pluck it up. God bless you &  
prosper your labours. Yours, with great respect,  
W. L. Garrison Philip Carpenter